

# Hymn to the Proletariat

by John Most.

Who hammers, brass and stone?  
Who raiseth from the mine?  
Who weaveth cloth and silk?  
Who tilleth wealth and wine?  
Who worketh for the rich to feed,  
Yet live themselves in sorest need?  
It is the men who toil, the Proletariat.

Who strives from earliest morn?  
Who toils till latest night?  
Who brings to others wealth,  
Ease, luxury, and might?  
Who turns alone the world's great wheel  
Yet has no right in commonweal?—  
It is the men who toil, the Proletariat.

Who is from aye a slave,  
To all the tyrant brood?  
Who oft for them must fight?  
Oft sacrifice his blood?  
O folk! hast thou not yet perceived!  
'Tis thou that ever are deceived!  
Awake ye men who labour! Up, Proletariat!

Together join your powers,  
And swear to banner red!  
For freedom boldly fight!  
To win ye better bread!  
Then quicken ye the despot's fall!  
Bring peace into the nations all!  
To battle, ye who labour! Up, Proletariat!

(A day  
day end  
By the  
freedom group)

Boston, Mass.  
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